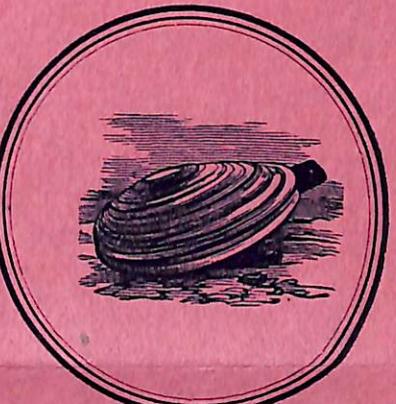




Aleppo Temple, A.A.O.N.M.S. ANNUAL OUTING



SELECTIONS

Would Doubt Her Veracity

"Now you're a preacher and a Mason?"
"Yes sir."
"And a Knight Templar?"
"Yes sir," I said, "I am even worse than that; I am low down enough to be a Shriner, and that is the end of the limit."
"Now," he said, "if a beautiful woman should walk up to you and say, 'Noble Booth, I want to kiss you, and I'm a Mason's daughter,' what would you do?"

Lost or Stolen Cards

Summer vacation season more than at any other time during the year the Recorder is called upon to replace membership cards.

In a few instances they are lost, but mostly stolen. Upon inquiry we find those lost by theft are from pocket-books carried in the hip trousers pocket. It is evident that the Shrine button and the hip pocket make a combination attractive to the ever-watchful eye of the thief. Members should therefore exercise extreme caution with their membership cards. The loss of a card places in the hands of the profane a weapon that can be used unlawfully and greatly to the discredit of the Order.



Mary had her little man
Insure his life one day.
The little man is dead and gone
But Mary — she's O. K.

Mary had a swarm of bees,
And they, to save their lives,
Had to go where Mary went,
For Mary had the hives.

Mary had a little calf,
It was so very lean,
That everywhere that Mary went
It scarcely could be seen.

So Mary bought a pair of pads
And stuck them in her hose,
So now the calf is plainly seen
Wherever Mary goes.

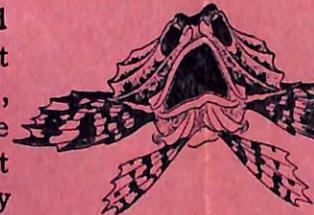
OVERHEARD IN BOSTON

HEARKEN!!!



Ye Faithful of Aleppo! Es Selamu Aleikum!

O all ye Sons of the Desert, hearken and attune thine ear that you may hear the Muezzin's droning cry, "Allah is God; Mohammed's love atones." This is the season youth is in the veins puts on her prettiest flowers and foliage in making earth old Sol sheds his tree and plant, in-forth their mightiest fullness of fruition. invites the festive banks, with rod and baited hook. is warmed and glorious prospect his sires of old, goodly place to live session." "Great us." Let us enjoy while we may. Therefore, Nobles, while the spirit of nature is with us, let THE CARAVAN BE FORMED. It is DECREED THAT ON THE SIXTEENTH DAY OF RAMADAN, NINTH MONTH, 1322, in ENGLISH KNOWN AS



Saturday, August 15, 1914

Caravan Will Pitch Their Tents at Paragon Park

Nantasket Beach

Previous to the departure for Nantasket Beach a Special Session of the Temple will be opened in Huntington Chambers, 30 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass., at nine o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of conferring the Order upon such applicants as shall be proposed and pass a clear ballot. This will be done by communication only. Nobles who have applicants to be proposed will confer a favor by handing in the application, accompanied by the fee of Fifty Dollars, at as early a day as possible. Remember, no application will be received unless accompanied by the fee.

SELECTIONS

Queer Men and Women

Call a girl a chick and she smiles; call a woman a hen and she howls. Call a young woman a witch and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat and she hates you. Women are queer.



If you call a man a gay dog it will flatter him; call him a pup, a hound, or a cur, and he will try to alter the map of your face. He doesn't mind being called a bull or a bear, yet he will object to be mentioned as a calf or a cub. Men are queer too.

The Recorder Makes a Request

He would like each Noble to commit and recite (to himself) this poem dedicated to the new bird:

Now we have the Dooserdoo,
Whose plumage is of bluest blue.
He's neither Christian, Saint, nor Jew,
Our tantalizing Dooserdoo.
His songs are few,
He's after you,
Our regular, annual Dooserdoo.

Dues are always due until paid, and then you're done; but if not paid you'll get a dun.
See if you have the blue and white card, and if you have not you cannot pass the Outer Guard.
No use pleading. You might as well ask Huerta to award Villa a medal for bravery.



The lightning bug, the crazy bird,
It hasn't any mind,
It wanders through existence
With its headlight on behind.

"A man'll put on arctics, a five-yard muffler, an' a buff'lo coat t' go out t' the pump," sez Joe Work, "but a woman'll roam 'round all day with V neck low enough t' give her catarrh of the stomach 'an a slit in her skirt high enough t' give the minister inspiration fer a sermon."

OVERHEARD IN BOSTON

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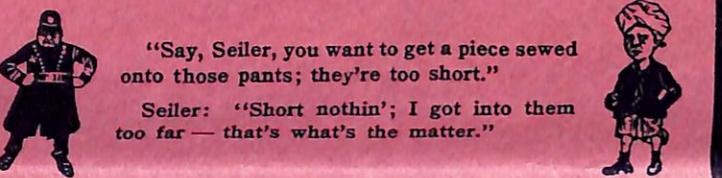
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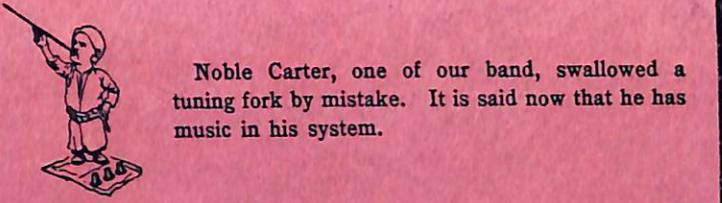
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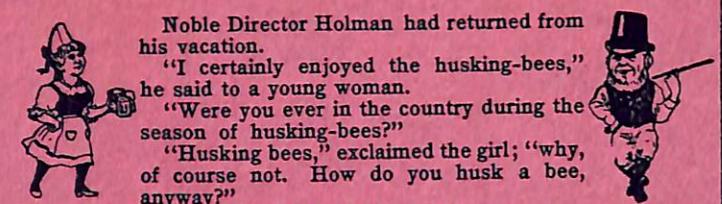


"Say, Seiler, you want to get a piece sewed onto those pants; they're too short."

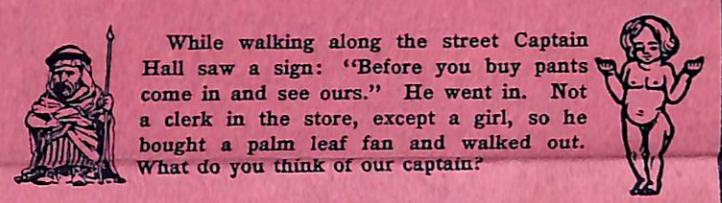
Seiler: "Short nothin'; I got into them too far — that's what's the matter."



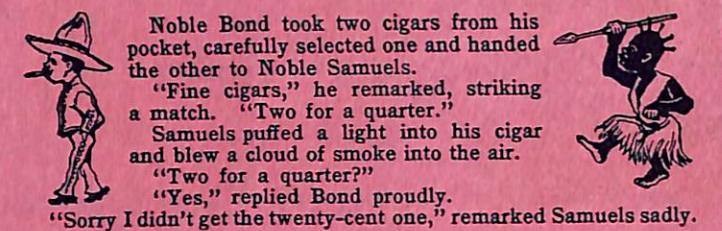
Noble Carter, one of our band, swallowed a tuning fork by mistake. It is said now that he has music in his system.



Noble Director Holman had returned from his vacation.
"I certainly enjoyed the husking-bees," he said to a young woman.
"Were you ever in the country during the season of husking-bees?"
"Husking bees," exclaimed the girl; "why, of course not. How do you husk a bee, anyway?"
Mr. Holman didn't say anything.



While walking along the street Captain Hall saw a sign: "Before you buy pants come in and see ours." He went in. Not a clerk in the store, except a girl, so he bought a palm leaf fan and walked out. What do you think of our captain?



Noble Bond took two cigars from his pocket, carefully selected one and handed the other to Noble Samuels.
"Fine cigars," he remarked, striking a match. "Two for a quarter."
Samuels puffed a light into his cigar and blew a cloud of smoke into the air.
"Two for a quarter?"
"Yes," replied Bond proudly.
"Sorry I didn't get the twenty-cent one," remarked Samuels sadly.

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and reel, with line The heart of man gladdened by this and he says, as did "This earth is a in; let us take pos- achievements await these privileges

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If you have no blanks in your possession the Recorder will be glad to supply you with some.

At the conclusion of the Session in Huntington Chambers the Nobles will repair to Rowe's Wharf, where the steamer *Rose Standish* will be boarded at ten o'clock, prompt, for a sail around the Harbor, arriving at Paragon Park at two o'clock P.M. Dinner will be served promptly upon arrival of the boat. Lunch will be furnished during the sail around the Harbor.

TICKETS AND EXPENSE

The price of tickets, including all expense, will be Five Dollars (\$5.00) per Noble. Tickets can be had upon application to the Recorder, B. W. Rowell, 206 Masonic Temple, Boston, Mass.

Important and Particular!

Nobles will confer a great favor and assist the Recorder materially by procuring their tickets of the Recorder on or before August 13th, so the committee may know just how many to prepare for, as this will enable all to receive proper attention at the banquet.

The tickets will be in coupon series. Coupon No. 1, Good for trip on the steamer from Rowe's Wharf to Paragon Park. Coupon No. 2, Good for one souvenir. Coupon No. 3, Good for one dinner at Paragon Park. Coupon No. 4, Good on any boat returning from Nantasket Beach. Last boat leaves Nantasket Beach 10.45 P.M.

After the dinner has been disposed of the balance of the day will be devoted to sports and games of all kinds, a list of which will be announced at the Park.

Yours in the faith,

ATTEST:

B. W. Rowell
Recorder

L. S. A. Shackford
Potentate

whose plumage is of bluest blue.
He's neither Christian, Saint, nor Jew,
His songs are few,
He's after you,
Our regular, annual Dooserdoo.

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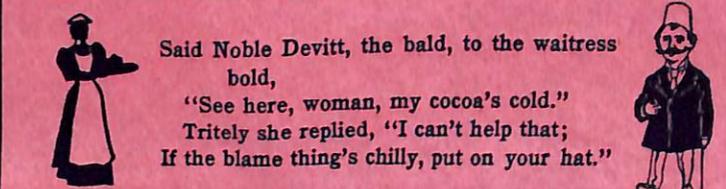
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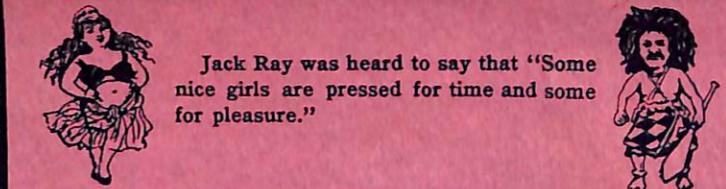
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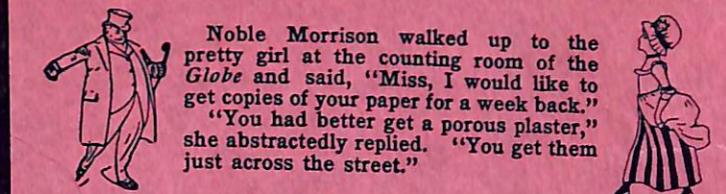
OVERHEARD IN BOSTON



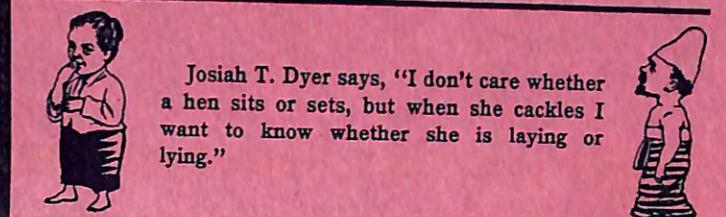
Said Noble Devitt, the bald, to the waitress bold,
"See here, woman, my cocoa's cold."
Tritely she replied, "I can't help that;
If the blame thing's chilly, put on your hat."



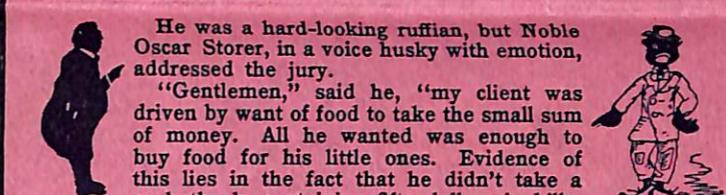
Jack Ray was heard to say that "Some nice girls are pressed for time and some for pleasure."



Noble Morrison walked up to the pretty girl at the counting room of the *Globe* and said, "Miss, I would like to get copies of your paper for a week back."
"You had better get a porous plaster," she abstractedly replied. "You get them just across the street."



Josiah T. Dyer says, "I don't care whether a hen sits or sets, but when she cackles I want to know whether she is laying or lying."



He was a hard-looking ruffian, but Noble Oscar Storer, in a voice husky with emotion, addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my client was driven by want of food to take the small sum of money. All he wanted was enough to buy food for his little ones. Evidence of this lies in the fact that he didn't take a pocketbook, containing fifty dollars in bills, that was lying in the room."

The counsel paused a moment, and the silence was interrupted by a sob from the prisoner.
"Why do you weep?" asked the judge.
"Because," replied the prisoner, "I didn't see the pocketbook."